

## Editorial

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### FINCH AND BAINES—A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRIENDSHIP\*

**I**T is with great pleasure that we call the attention of the readers of this JOURNAL to a book which has just been issued by the Cambridge University Press. The author is Archibald Malloch, a Graduate in Medicine of McGill in 1913, at present a temporary Captain in the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Letters from Captain Malloch have already appeared in this JOURNAL, both from Dunkirk where he served as Surgeon with the Friends' Ambulance Unit; and afterwards from La Panne where he worked under Dr. Depage. The name Captain Malloch bears is well known in Canada. He represents in his family a second generation of Medicine: and it is to his father, Dr. E. M. Malloch of Hamilton, a pupil and disciple of Lister, that his book is dedicated.

As Captain Malloch himself puts it, "a chance of this War placed me in the summer of 1915 in charge of a small Hospital for Officers at Burley-on-the-Hill in Rutland—" England's smallest county. This was for many years the seat of the Earls of Winchilsea and Nottingham, whose family name was Finch; and here it was that opportunity came to Captain Malloch to collect the material for his record of the past. He tells us of the life-long friendship of Thomas Baines and John Finch, and in telling us of this he tells us also of many other things. Finch and Baines were a kind of David and Jonathan. Neither of them was married; and each gave the other the sort of friendship, the sort of whole-hearted

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\*FINCH AND BAINES: A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRIENDSHIP. By ARCHIBALD MALLOCH, B.A., M.D., temporary Captain, Canadian Army Medical Corps. Publishers: C. F. Clay, Cambridge University Press. London: Fetter Lane, E. C. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 1917. Price 10/6.

affection, that in our hurried, hustling age seems almost to have disappeared from the earth. In this history there is, as always, other history. In telling us of the friendship Captain Malloch takes us along with him backward to where Science, emerging from its swaddling-clothes, shows itself as an energetic infant, manifests itself as a living growing thing. We are back in the time of the Stuarts, of Oliver Cromwell, of the Restoration.

There is some doubt as to the date of the birth of Sir Thomas Baines, the elder of the two friends; but if, as is currently reported, he was born in 1622, then he was born in the same year as Molière, arch-delineator of the Physician and the Scientist—pompous and be-wigged—of his day. Amongst much these same Physicians and Scientists lived Finch and Baines; but as we read Captain Malloch we become aware that to Molière's picture, as to every other picture, there is another side. Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines were be-wigged certainly, but they were neither ignorant nor pompous. They were emphatically human beings, not so very unlike ourselves, eagerly seeking answers to those same questions which are on every side of us to-day—too many even yet unsolved: and as we read we are drawn to these two seventeenth-century men, full to the brim as they were with the modern scientific spirit—the desire to know.

Happily for us Sir John Finch kept a diary. Not the emotional kind of diary kept by eighteenth-century heroes and heroines, but a very concise and practical record of his doings and thinkings. From this and from his letters to his sister—Anne Conway, reputed the most learned of the “female metaphysical writers” of the time, and called by her brother always “dearest Soule” or “dearest Dear”—we can trace, by Captain Malloch's good offices, the every-day life of a man divided from us by three long centuries; and that in the intimate fashion which is the only way worth tracing anything. Captain Malloch indeed, in bringing together these records, enables us to test the truth of Balzac's remark

that, when history is written as it ought to be, there will be no need of fiction. Balzac perhaps had in mind the kind of history which Captain Malloch gives us here.

Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines met at Christ's College, Cambridge, and there as students together they formed their life-long friendship. After leaving the University they went abroad together: visited at Paris the "Hostel Dieu" and found it "a famous Hospital but there's eight in a bed"—which gives some ground for Molière's animadversions on the Profession!—and from thence they made their way, by Auxerre, Dijon, Geneva, to Padua. There they worked, studied, and wrote and from there in 1652 Finch began to send to his sister and brother-in-law "Discourses" on philosophical and scientific subjects: a custom he kept up for the rest of his life. He seems to have interested himself in every conceivable thing. He writes of the "Manner by which Trees, Plants and all Vegetables are Nourished"; he writes of the circulation of the blood and ranges himself on the side of Harvey—a connexion by the way of his own—although he persists in retaining relics of the pre-Harveian idea that the blood ebbed and flowed in both the arteries and veins; he discusses the way to make "a choice Coffé for your friends" and the Philosophy of Descartes, and he sends his sister "three of Descartes *Principles*" together with two "Bolognia masty dogges"; he also transcribes a Latin poem by Baines in praise of Molinetti, Professor of Anatomy at Padua. Poems have been written on all kinds of things but "Anatomical dissections publicly performed by Antonio Molinetti of Padua" seems a queer choice for verse! Such a choice, however, did Baines make, and a long Latin poem did he write. "You do not, Molinetti, dissect bodies," he says in the course of it, "but adorn them. You bring them into the Theatre cleansed from all dirt, perfect in limb, and the obedient muscles are freed at your touch; thus you show yourself not an anatomist, but, what is far greater, a god." Walt Whitman himself could not have said more.

The friends lived lives full of recognition. Academic Honours were theirs almost for the asking. Finch in 1660 or thereabouts came under the notice of the Duke of Tuscany and was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Pisa—the first and only Englishman to receive this honour. Later he was appointed Physician to the Queen of England, later still Ambassador to Florence. The friends were knighted one after the other, each received the Degree of Doctor of Physic from Cambridge, and they both interested themselves in the formation of the Royal Society, “a society for promoting experimental philosophy”: in 1764 Sir John Finch was sent as Ambassador to the Ottoman Court. All his life Finch knew what it was to have money, power, social recognition: he was emphatically what is called a successful man. His friend accompanied him everywhere, and as life went on these two men seem to have become more and more wrapped up in one another, more and more careless as to the rest of the world. Finch undoubtedly was the David of the alliance, the active energetic partner. “In public,” says Captain Malloch, “Finch always appeared as the leader of the two, but to what extent he was indebted to his helpmate Baines, for his success in diplomatic and scientific work, we shall never know.” As to Sir Thomas Baines, we hear of him principally as engaging himself in diligent reading and note-taking. He filled the post of Professor of Music at Gresham College for many years, mostly *in absentia*, and though, as his biographer says, “there is no evidence to show that he was qualified to hold any musical professorship at all,” hold it and its emoluments he did just as he wrote his Latin poem on dissection. These men lived in a blessed age where Specialism was not!

The book is full of entertaining anecdote. On one occasion while Sir John Finch was Ambassador in Constantinople, the French Ambassador, warmed by wine and like a giant refreshed, was moved, we are told, to relate at lunch some of the incidents of his early life in Paris. Baines, a gentle soul,

was much discomposed by these revelations, and, leaning forward, he interrupted them by asking, "Et che dirà il Crucifisso?" Finch, who always took great pride in any observation of his friend, states that the Frenchman was "struck dumbfounded and was filled with astonishment." It cannot but strike *us* that the rest of the lunch must have been somewhat of a strain for all concerned.

In 1681, Sir Thomas Baines died at Constantinople, and Sir John Finch was left alone. "I have lost Sir Thomas Baines," Finch writes, "the best friend the world ever had." David did not long survive Jonathan. Sir John Finch returned home with the body of his friend, and died in the following year at London.

The book is admirably printed on paper that, in these lean days of War, it is a pleasure to touch and handle, and it is full of illustrations, reproductions of portraits of the friends, and of places connected with their lives. Sir John Finch, in his portrait by Carlo Dolci, has all the appearance of the successful man: and evidently he knew what it was to look arrogant. Sir Thomas Baines has by far the more charming face. He has meditative eyes, a gentle expression; and in spite of his habit of asking difficult questions, most surely he was lovable. "I shall live, O beloved," says Sir John Finch in the epitaph he wrote on his friend, "mindful of our Friendship, and no day shall ever remove us from a remembering age."

So ends the story of the friendship between Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines. Captain Malloch tells us that this "pleasant but quite novel task" was undertaken at the suggestion of Sir William Osler. "I owe a great debt of gratitude for his influence, which has been a continual stimulus," says Captain Malloch, and in the concluding sentence of the Preface, he designates Sir William Osler "the young man's friend."

Ability to accomplish work such as the biography of these two friends is given to few of us: to still fewer is given

the wish to attempt such a piece of work in the midst of a busy life. Captain Malloch has had the wish, and it is evident that he has enjoyed the work, for his book bears the marks of pleasure in the writing of it—the only real reason for ever writing anything at all. Such an author earns the admiration and gratitude of his readers. This JOURNAL offers Captain Malloch its sincere congratulations.

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### THE ACTIVITIES OF A PROVINCIAL ASSOCIATION

**T**HE presidential address of the Manitoba Medical Association by Dr. James McKenty, of Winnipeg, put forward a strong plea for support of the Canadian Medical Association and its JOURNAL by the various provinces. The Manitoba Association became affiliated with the Canadian Medical Association in 1912, and since that time the annual fee of \$5.00 includes membership in the two Associations and the subscription to the CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION JOURNAL. Fifty cents out of every annual fee of five dollars is refunded to the affiliated Provincial Association of the province from which it came. This refund constitutes the only revenue of the Manitoba Association. This year it amounted to \$58.00. At present, therefore, there are only 116 out of the 519 resident practitioners in Manitoba who are subscribers to the JOURNAL and members in good standing of the two Associations. It was pointed out that this showing was not creditable to the province, and that a National Association was necessary for the promotion of many of the aims of the profession, and a journal essential to the maintenance of a vigorous association. Such aims as the control of quackery, the patent medicine fraud, and the enactment of legislation relating to public health matters can best be furthered by such an organization. In respect to these matters a great work had been accomplished in the United States by the American Medical Association and its journal. In Canada a similar work was needed, and, in addition, there